

## HERE'S A BRAND NEW FUNNY PICTURE SERIES

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## SOCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S  
THEATER GOSSIP

## SANDMAN STORIES

Society Entertains  
Mrs. Grover ClevelandCopyright, G. V. Buck.  
MME. RITTER.

The Swiss Minister and Mme. Ritter and their two children, arrived in New York this morning on the New Amsterdam of the American line. They will spend a short time in New York and will come to Washington Thursday or Friday in time to bid Henri Martin good-by, for he will leave Washington at the end of the week for his new post in Canada.

The minister has been abroad with his family for several months, and Mr. Martin, who has been the secretary of the legation for several years, has been acting as charge d'affaires.

Miss Ruth Wales entertained informally at luncheon today in compliment to Miss Alice Vandergrift and her house guest, Miss Esther Denny, of San Francisco.

Mrs. John C. O'Laughlin entertained informally at luncheon today.

Mrs. James F. Barbour and Miss Margaret Barbour will go to California within two weeks, to spend the spring.

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Faversham Production of "Caesar"  
A Stage Triumph, Says Julia Murdock

Wonderful Scenic Effects Not Least Important Feature of Shakespearean Revival at the Belasco.

PUBLIC TASTE has changed. It needed only a visit to the Belasco Theater last evening, where William Faversham's stupendous and elaborate production of "Julius Caesar" was presented to a large audience, to convince one of this fact. Time was, and not so very long ago, when an entire repertoire of Shakespeare was played with the same sets, and these the well worn and familiar ones with which almost every theater in the country was equipped.

Those were the good old days when a road company entered a theater with only a trunk or two of scanty and tawdry wardrobe; the days when costumes were made of velvet, and white cotton batting as ermine. In those theaters there were the customary interior, which did duty as the parlor or elaborate ballroom, given by Viscountess de St. Bour, Mr. Preston Gibson, and others, and all of the very newest dances were indulged in.

General and Mrs. John A. Johnston entertained a number of guests at dinner last night.

The Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Mrs. Nagel entertained at dinner last night in honor of the British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce. Their other guests were Mr. Justice and Mrs. Plimley, the Secretary of War and Mrs. Stimson, Senator and Mrs. Newlands, Congressman and Mrs. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery, Parsons, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, and Daniel X. Kirby, of St. Louis.

Mrs. Henry F. Dimock was hostess last night at a musical, with Mrs. Grover Cleveland as guest of honor, her other guests numbering several hundred persons from resident and official society, the latter including Cabinet members, diplomats and members of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Dimock and Mrs. Cleveland received the guests at 9 o'clock and a little later Madame Alma Gluck, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, gave several numbers of a delightfully arranged program.

Mrs. Cleveland, who is the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Camp Stanley, Mrs. Frances Gamble, Miss Dorothy Dearlie, Miss Adele Waterman, Miss Marjorie Alshire, Miss Margaret Michie, Miss Emily Chase, Miss Katie DuBoise, and Mrs. Abram Claude, sister of the hostess.

The Congressional Club has sent out cards for a reception at the Congressional Club, 162 K street, in honor of the Diplomatic Corps, Friday evening, January 24, from 7:30 until 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Fairchild, wife of Congressman Fairchild of New York, has recently returned to Washington from Arizona, where she spent the holidays with her son, Sherman Mills Fairchild, and has joined her husband at the New Willard for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Rockwood Hoar entertained guests at dinner last night in honor of Mrs. Cleveland, the entire party later accompanying her to the home of Mrs. Dimock.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Senator Clark, of Wyoming, will not receive today, as erroneously stated yesterday, but will be at home Thursday afternoon.

JULIE OPP,  
As Portia in "Julius Caesar."

and yet no one complained, even though the lamps smoked and reflectors sometimes failed to reflect.

Now all of this has been changed. Elaboration of effects, gorgeous surroundings, substantial accessories and rich costumes have been employed to present the perfect picture that the public demands, and a Shakespearean production has been brought as thoroughly up to date as possible.

Faversham's idea of a production of "Julius Caesar" is as elaborate as can be imagined. It imparts to the play an impressive sweep and grandeur. It is impressive, yet not so spectacular that it overreaches itself.

The scenes painted by the late Sir Alma Tadema, and if I mistake not, some of the very latest labor of this artist before him.

"Last picture was painted, and the tubes were twisted and dry, and abaze with color and life. The Rome, through which tread these four resplendent figures of history, Cassius, Brutus, Marc Antony and Julius Caesar, is not the marble white, sepulchral Rome we have been used to seeing in other paintings, but a city awake, a city of bright hues, of sunshine and of life.

The first scene bursts upon the senses of sight with a riot of color, motion and sound. Dancing girls, with their arms extended, flash across the stage, acrobats with firmly muscled, half-naked bodies, add vitality to the picture. There is music and laughter, and many soldiers pass hither and thither, some hooded, others dressed in leopard skins. It is a Roman street carnival, a riot of shades and noise, and the picture is effective and massive.

Senate Scene Is Stupendous.

Another stupendous picture is the senate scene, where rise in lofty tiers and gloomy grandeur the benches of senators, facing the throne of Caesar. White-robed figures file silently into the senate chamber between the pillars of rich hued marble.

Outside, through an arched vista are seen the courtyard and corridors ablaze with light and vivid color. The eagles of Rome look down from panels, and the odor of incense burning in braziers floats out to the audience.

Infinite pains have been expended upon this scene, and in the first scene which is, to my thinking, the one in which the artist's efforts reached their climax. The effect of the setting is mysterious, silent, almost magical. The heavy folds of the tent fill the entire stage with a color so rich, and so unusual that it is almost indescribable. Sometimes it is a deep, almost emerald green, when its folds are disturbed by the entrance of a soldier or messenger, again it is a deep, marine blue.

The atmosphere produced is of sedition, of a place haunted by some unseen terror, of a prophecy of impending doom. Here, too, Roman braziers burn

With One Exception All Characters Are in Capable Hands, and Detail Is Carefully Carried Out.

with a fitful glare, as the drafts in the tent blow them, and shadows deep and spasmodic are cast on the burnished armor and crimson trappings. As nowhere else in the play the note of artistic grandeur is struck here.

Then comes the picture of the Plains of Philippi glowing in the light of dawn, with the rugged, rocky peaks in the foreground, and the hemlock covered heights beyond. Here is enacted the last scene upon the closing episode of tragedy and glory.

Personal Triumph For Faversham.

The presentation is a splendid triumph for Mr. Faversham. His part of Marc Antony is one of tremendous difficulty for him, but he has done all that the critics and his admirers expected of him. Without violating any of the precedents and traditions that have attached themselves to the character in the past, he plays it with a tenderness and earnestness that none of the other actors I have seen in this part have succeeded in doing. He is splendid in the Forum scene, and likewise rises to superb heights in the funeral oration over the body of Caesar.

The absence of a strong feminine cast in the play makes the part of Calpurnia, played by Jane Wheatley, less appealing than the body of the other of Shakespeare's plays. No one can see her interpretation of the widowed Roman matron and not be affected. Perhaps some may say that her appearance of grief, when she descends the steps and enters the chamber wherein lies the body of her assassinated husband, is a trifle overdone. Her step is faltering, her eyes gaze upon the corpse in fixed fascination. Over her head there is a long black scarf which enshrouds her like a pall, and carries with it a weird suggestion of grief.

When she reaches the body she bends over it, and a heart-broken wail is heard, a wail that carries all the horror, all the agony of a woman who has nothing left worth living for. Marc Antony and his messenger turn away, and the woman is left in the quiet, vast, vaulted chamber alone with her dead, a pitiful, huddled broken figure of despair.

Various Characters In Capable Hands.

Berton Churchill is the Brutus, and he plays it well. It is a part of contrasts, for Brutus was a stoic and a soldier, yet tender, poetic, and a dreamer. Mr. Churchill presented a characterization of this part that was decidedly pleasing, portraying with words and action the character of a man wrought upon by evil counsel, whose heart and reason contend for mastery.

Fuller Mellish enacts the part of Julius Caesar with intense earnestness and sincerity, and Lionel Belmore is seen in the picture as stage director. If any fault is to be found in the almost perfect production, it would be to criticize the unfortunate selection of Frank Keenan as Cassius. This actor, who has charmed us in the past with his sparsely actor, nor will he ever be one. He is painfully miscast, in a character which he resembles in no way. Miss Opp is radiantly beautiful and satisfactory in the role of Portia, the aristocratic Roman matron.

The human element of Mr. Faversham's spectacle, the vivid and active street mobs, the gallery of senators, the files of soldiers, are excellent, and in splendid taste. I do not remember of ever having seen or heard a better street mob. They are well drilled, well dressed, and in the best of humor. They are the scenes. Not all of them are youthful, but among them are to be found old men with beards, old cronies, and middle-aged women, as well as lusty youths and laughing girls.

On the whole, the production is a sumptuous and satisfying one, and deserves the heartiest commendation from every admirer of Shakespeare, and those who appreciate excellent acting. The supporting company is a large one, and includes besides those already mentioned, Miss Elsie Rizer, a Washington girl, who is also in the character of Lucius.

JULIA MURDOCK.

For The Times' Children  
Just Before It's Bedtime

TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl named Netta, who never put anything away in its proper place.

Her hat was thrown into a corner, or anywhere it happened to land when she came in from school and her books were dropped in the same way. Her room was always untidy and her hair ribbons scattered over the bureau and her closet looked as though someone had stirred it with a stick.

Her bureau drawers were in disorder, and her mother used to tell her they were "topsy-turvy." "Some day you will find yourself in Topsy-Turvy Land," her mother said one day, after she had tried to show her how to keep things in order. "That is the place where little girls find themselves when they keep their things in disorder, as you do."

"Topsy-Turvy Land," repeated Netta, as her mother left the room; "there is no such place as that, and if there were I am sure it would be much better than living where you have to put everything away in its right place. There is no such place as Topsy-Turvy Land; mother just said that to make me more orderly."

"Isn't there?" said a voice, and Netta turned around to see where it came from. On the sill of the window sat a queer little man, swinging his tiny feet and rolling his big round eyes.

"So you think there is no such place as Topsy-Turvy Land?" he asked, without waiting for the astonished Netta to reply, he went on talking.

"I will show you that there is such a place, and after you have lived there a while you may be willing to keep your room and what belongs to you in order rather than in disorder."

The little man clapped his tiny hands around to see where it came from. On the sill of the window sat a queer little man, swinging his tiny feet and rolling his big round eyes.

"What a queer place!" said Netta. "It cannot be my room, and yet the things I see look like mine. I guess I will sit down and look about and, perhaps, things will look right when I am seated."

But the minute she moved she felt herself turn over like a flash, and she was standing on her head. Netta reached for a chair to steady herself, for she felt sure she could not stand on her head long.

Much to her surprise, she found herself in the chair, only her feet were up where her head should have been, and her head was still on the floor.

Then she discovered that her dress was upside down, the neck of the dress was round her feet and the bottom of her skirts were around her neck.

"I can't dress like this," said Netta. "I must get another dress, anyway, for I am going out this afternoon."

On her head she walked to her closet. The door was open. She seldom remembered to close it. All her clothes were on the floor and she was walking on the ceiling.

"O dear, what shall I do?" she said. "I never saw such a queer place. Everything is topsy-turvy."

"That is quite right," said a voice, "and you are at last in Topsy-Turvy Land."

The little man stood on the carpet and as Netta looked down at him she thought he was the only thing she saw that was not upside down.

"How do you like this land?" asked the goblin, for, of course, you have guessed who the little man was.

"I do not like it at all," replied Netta. "Why, I cannot find a thing, and I am all upside down."

DO YOU THINK THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE AS TOPSY-TURVY LAND?



Know how and when. I never saw this place before."

"No," said the little goblin. "You are quite right. You have never seen your room as your mother and other orderly people have seen it, but this is the way it looked to others, and this is the way you have kept it—topsy-turvy."

"If I had thought my room looked like this I would never have thrown my things around," said Netta. "I had no idea things looked as upset, and when I get back, if I do, Mr. Goblin, I promise to be more orderly, and never again live in a topsy-turvy place."

"That is all you have to do to get back to your own land," said the goblin. "Just promise to be more orderly and keep your promise. You will never again see Topsy-Turvy Land if you do that, I promise you."

The little man clapped his hands again and Netta heard again the thunder in the distance, and then the light, and she was in her own room.

"I must have fallen asleep," she said, jumping from the chair where she was sitting. Then she looked around the room. Everything was quite as it was upon the floor and she saw that her dress was on as it should be.

"This room does look topsy-turvy," she said, picking up the scattered hair ribbons and folding them. Then she picked up her book, which had fallen on the floor, put her shoes in the closet and hung her clothes in better order on the hooks.

An hour passed before she finished her work, and when it was done she looked about with a smile of satisfaction.

"This certainly does look better, and I will never again run any risk of living in Topsy-Turvy Land," she said. And Netta kept her promise.

Tomorrow's story, "How Billy Pig Was Saved."

The Best Cough Syrup is Easily Made at Home

Cuts Little and Acts Quickly. Money Refunded if It Fails.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore lungs, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Tastes good.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is a slightly laxative—both excellent features.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualacol and the other natural healing pine elements.

## Seen in the Shops

It is not often that really choice rugs can be had at prices which are the original, but the housefurnishing store at the corner of Eleventh and F streets, is selling royal Smyrna, Bundhar, Wilton, and other expensive styles at prices quite a little different from the regular scale. A nine by twelve Smyrna rug may be as high as \$25, but may be as low as \$12.50. The Bundhar rugs were as high as \$25, but may be as low as \$12.50. The dimensions of this last named style are ten feet six by fourteen feet. Washable cotton bath rugs are thirty-six by seventy-two inches, and cost \$2.50.

While French voile is to be had at the same Seventh and K street establishment for 14 cents a yard. This voile is full forty inches wide, the regular 22 cent variety. The mesh is close and two-ply, much finer than the ordinary one-ply voile. Thirty-two inch white mercerized muslin, suitable for children's or women's shirt waists, is 25 cents the yard.

A department store, at the corner of Eleventh and G streets, is having a sale in white ready-to-wear under garments for women. Combination suits of recent work are 45 cents; plain princess slips are 35 cents, and all of the latest new stock tailored waists are to be had at \$1. Silk waists are to be had at \$2.95, \$3.50, and \$5. All of these waists are on the first floor.

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"I tried different kinds of remedies, — soap, water cure and almost a cure, but no good came from them. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the first few treatments I felt relief and I kept on using them for one month. All my awful sores disappeared and I was entirely cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Julius Bush, Apr. 24, 1912.

Although the Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most successful in the treatment of afflictions of the skin, scalp, hair and hands, they are also most valuable for everyday use in the toilet, bath and nursery because they promote and maintain the health of the skin and hair from infancy to age. Cuticura Soap (50c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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